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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 29 MONTREAL, JULY 19, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Arabs at Home.

'Jacob was a plain man, living in tents.'

When Israel had sown, the Midianites came up, and the Amalekites and the children of the East with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude, both they and their camels were without number,' that is what the Old Testament says.

Just as they lived in the old Bible days do the Bedouin Arabs of to-day. They are Ishmaelites—descendants of the very Midianites just such a refuge as that to which Sisera fled when he begged Jael to 'stand in the door of the tent,' or that one the man told of when Gideon was near: 'Behold I dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian and came into a tent, and smote it, that it fell, and overturned it that the tent fell along.'

You have all read how Abraham, sitting at his tent door, saw three strangers passing by, and how he ran and begged of them to come in and eat and drink. So it is now; all

who harassed and robbed the persecuted children of Israel. They still wander about, having no abiding dwelling-place, but plundering all before them, driving away other men's herds, regardless of law; carrying their houses—tents made of woven sheeps' wool, or goat or camel's hair cloth—packed up on their tall patient camels' backs, together with the poles and pegs which will help to uphold the shelter, which, at a few minutes' notice, will be strangers are welcome. An Arab arriving at a strange camp, just unloads his camel at the entrance of any tent, which he enters with the simple salutation, 'Peace be between us,' then he sits down to smoke while coffee is being got ready, or, if it is meal-time, the host will pour water for his guest to wash his hands, and encourage him to eat, crying 'Couly, Couly' (eat it all, eat it all.)—'Little Folks.'

Word of the Launch—a Good Season's Work.

One of Our Patients.

The first direct news of the launch 'Northern Messenger,' for this year, comes from its volunteer engineer, Mr. Cushing, and his letter, given below, is of the greatest interest to all who have had a part in the good work being done.

St. Anthony Hospital, Newfoundland.
April 25th, 1907.

Editor of the 'Witness':—

Dear Sir,—I have just received a letter from Dr. Grenfell asking me to write you some further details of the good work done by the 'Northern Messenger' at Battle Harbor, and later at St. Anthony.

This launch, which your readers donated to the Mission, has, in my opinion, during its short life, brought ten times the amount it cost of help and cheer to the sick and afflicted, if work of its kind can be summed up in dollars and cents.

The principal work of the launch is to convey the doctor to the different harbors and coves, but it is also used for various other work, such as taking patients to the hospital, and returning them home again, going to the mail boat for patients and freight, taking children for a short sail, etc.

The first trip of any length was from Battle Harbor to Henly Harbor, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Late on a Saturday night the resident doctor received word that a girl at Henley was very ill, or 'wonderful bad,' as the messenger expressed it. So, early on Sunday morning we started. When we were about three miles out one of the men caught his sleeve in the governor of the engine, breaking a chain belt. This necessitated a stop of about an hour while a new link was rivetted in, and other small damage repaired, but fortunately the sea was very smooth—there only being a large swell with no wind. We arrived at Henley without further trouble, and were glad to find the girl better and out of danger, although she had been very sick. After the doctor had visited a few other sick people we returned home, arriving at Battle just in time to escape a very heavy fog which came on not ten minutes after we had got moored.

Another long trip we took with the doctor was to Venison Island, about fifty miles north of Battle. I don't think I will forget for a long time a house I visited there with the doctor, or rather it was more of a hovel than a house. We were told that a man was sick, and I did not wonder that he was sick, for it nearly made me sick to go into it. The building, which was thatched with sods, contained one room with two windows about one foot by two feet, the sashes being nailed in. This room was the bed-room, parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen, workshop, for mending nets, and every other kind of room except a bathroom judging from the filth which abounded everywhere. When we entered three or four men were sitting around a red hot stove smoking and spitting on the floor. Along one side of the room were two bunks with old sails hung in front of them; one was for the

father and mother, and the other was for the children, who were five or six in number. In one of these bunks lay the father, who was certainly ill, and it did not take long to find out what was his trouble, for he had that cough, which alas, we get to know too well along this coast—the man was dying with consumption. This was the first of many houses of its kind I have been in during my trips with the doctors, and the more I see the more I realize what a grand work Dr. Grenfell has been doing in trying to lift the poor, ignorant people out of their misery and filth.

I remained at Battle Harbor until the first of October, when Dr. Grenfelll asked me to take the launch to St. Anthony Hospital, about sixty miles south of Battle; this meant crossing the Straits of Belle Isle, which at the point I was to cross is thirty miles wide. I had never been across except once in the mail steamer. However, I got my charts and compass and with a small boat in tow started, with one man to assist me in steering, as I had to look after the engine. We got to Henley, from which point we were to make Cape Bauld. After waiting there for a couple of days for a gale to blow itself out, we started on a nice clear morning; but anyone acquainted with the Straits in the fall of the year knows that the weather cannot be counted upon very much, as I found out when we were about half way across. By that time the tide was running out; it was my trick at the helm. My mate was eating his dinner, when I noticed the wind was rising, and in a few moments a gale was blowing from the east, which, with the outgoing tide, made it pretty rough. Just then I happened to look astern in time to see the boat we were towing turn bottom up, and take a dive. I called to the other man to come and take the helm, while I pulled in the sunken boat close astern. By this time it was rough, and no mistake; both of us sat on the deck and hung on to the rail for dear life to save ourselves from being knocked overboard. For a while I thought I should have to cut the boat adrift, as it was impossible to bail her out with such a sea, and she was trying to ram the stern out of the launch every now and again, as a big wave would come up. However, I managed to keep her off pretty well, and we were two thankful men when we ran into the harbor on the lee side of Cape Bauld.

During the fall at St. Anthony the launch did good work, and had some pretty rough trips, but there is not room to give an account of every trip.

I call to mind one case the doctor went to see. It was an urgent call. We left St. Anthony just after dinner, expecting to reach home again before dark, as the place we were to go to was only twelve miles away. Unfortunately, when about half way there our engine became partially crippled, and we were only able to reach our destination at a snail's pace. It was 10 p.m., when we sighted the St. Anthony light, and we were glad to get in, as it was a very dark night. The patient the doctor went to see was a boy about fourteen years of age, very ill with peritonitis; too ill to be moved to the hospital that day, so he had to be left until he gained strength enough to stand moving. In a few days this was done, and he was 'fed up' on something more beneficial than salt pork, bread and molasses. He spent three or four months here and returned home on a komatic an entirely different boy, well fed and well clothed. I enclose a photo of him in a wheel chair, with his father standing beside him, with a happy smile on his face, which he might well have, for his boy had been very near death's door. This was one of the patients the 'Northern Messenger' brought to the hospital, and whose life was saved.

Spring is once more upon us, and I am turning my thoughts to the 'Northern Messenger,' and am commencing work upon her, making a few improvements and putting on a new spring dress of fresh paint, which will be of slate color. I am also the recipient of a lovely Canadian flag, kindly donated by the Faithful Circle of King's Daughters of Montreal for the Harrington launch.

I hope this account of some of the work done by the 'Northern Messenger' will interest your readers and show them that the money they invest in the work of this Mission is paying them high interest in the knowledge that they are helping in a good practical way to save lives and to save souls.

Yours sincerely,
F. M. H. CUSHING.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: A Friend..	$ 3.50
Received for the cots: A. C., Stella, Ont., $2.00; Scholars of Pres. Church Sunday School, Barrington Passage, N.S., $3.75; Two Friends, Farrington, $1.68; Total	$ 7.43
Previously acknowledged for the launch	$477.39
Previously acknowledged for the cots..	86.55
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	55.60
Total received up to July 2.. ..	$629.97

Now that the stress of the famine in China is over, we feel sure that our readers will be able to give more of their thought to the work in Labrador. To keep this properly maintained funds have to be in well in advance of the winter months, during which there can be so little communication with the various stations. So let us all send our gifts and have our share in launch or cots or komatiks.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

Religious Notes.

A Christian worker, who has been in Utah for twelve years, recently is quoted as saying that there was more actual progress in the work during the last two years than in the preceding decade. The Baptists have been holding special services in Ogden and Salt Lake City. In Sandy the Congregationalists recently received 20 into the church. One Sunday 17 joined the Third Presbyterian Church in Salt Lake City. The First Methodist Church in the same city received since conference over 100 by letter and on probation. The Liberty Park Church received upward of 20. The First Methodist Church of Ogden has lately closed a very successful revival meeting, with more than 40 additions resulting. The Presbyterians are completing a new building for Westminster College, and expect the coming year to build a hall for girls. The Collegiate Institute will be moved to the grounds of the college.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

Miss Anna T. Jeanes of Philadelphia, a Hicksite Quakeress of large means, who lives a simple life and long since established a reputation for generosity in Philadelphia, has given $1,000,000 the income of which is to assist 'Southern community, country and rural schools.' Messrs. Booker T. Washington and H. B. Frissell, of Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes, have been appointed trustees with power to name a board of responsible directors. They have announced that Negroes as well as Whites will be represented on the board; and that it is impossible to express adequately the gratitude due Miss Jeanes for her course in providing ways and means for supporting a few of the best kind of rural schools in many counties in the South, which may serve as object lessons far and wide. They pledge that the fund will be used to encourage self-help, and to supplement, not supplant, money appropriated by the Southern states. Multiplication of better schools in the South will increase the demand for such teachers as mission schools can supply; on the other hand, betterment of primary and secondary educational conditions will have its uplifting and expansive effect on institutions of higher learning among the Negroes, increasing the number of pupils. Notwithstanding such gifts as this of Miss Jeanes, and of Mr. Rockefeller to the General Educational Board, notwithstanding the increased prosperity of the South as a section, notwithstanding the new disposition of Southern political leaders to champion generous appropriations long-tried friends in the North still have their duty and generosity to perform.—The 'Congregationalist.'

CHINESE FAMINE FUND

The following acknowledgment, from the Canadian missionary in China to whom the Famine Relief Fund contributed through the medium of the 'Montreal Daily Witness,' was sent, has been received. It was written under date of June 4, 1907:—

'Messrs. John Dougall & Sons, Montreal:

'Dear Sirs,—Many thanks for yours of May 7. I have already written thanking your donors for various sums they have sent in relief of the famine in China. I am very grateful to them all, and I am sure that the missionaries to whom I have entrusted the money will use it to the very best advantage, namely, for the prevention of famine by relief works. They have already accomplished a vast deal in draining off great bodies of water which occupy fertile land, and in also banking up fractious rivers, so that they will not so easily overflow their banks.

'Characteristically enough, the Chinese officials prefer to give money direct without asking for work in return. They said the man who works requires more food than the man who sits still, and therefore we will not make the people work. But such a policy, while at the time less expensive, is, in the long run, excessively foolish, and the missionaries who are the almoners of the Christian public in this famine, have taken the wiser course. 'An ounce of prevention will be worth a pound of cure.'

'I shall be delighted to receive the 'Witness' regularly, as we do not regularly receive any Canadian paper, and while a young man in Canada years ago the 'Witness' was one of the formative influences of my life.

'Yours sincerely,
'(Signed), D. MACGILLIVRAY.'

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Since the last public acknowledgment the following contributions have been received, making a total of over ten thousand dollars for the relief of the famine stricken Chinese:

John Keith Mackenzie, Victoria, B.C. .. ..$		1.00
Burnie McClelland, Brookholm, Ont....		1.40
'A Friend,' Mountain Mill, Alta...		1.00
F., ten cents a day $1.00		
O. S. 3 00		
B., ten cents a day.. .. 3.00		
		7.00
Mrs. Alex. Fernie, Theodore, Sask..		1.00
A Rural School, Solina, Ont..		1.00
Martin Warr and sisters, Little Harbor, Nfld.		3.00
'The Expositor,' Brantford, Ont..		2.00
Junior League, Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church, Montreal..		10.00
I. C. H.		2.00
Mrs. John Dunwoodie, Albert, Ont.		2.00
'A Friend,' Alberni, B.C.		2.70
Craighurst, Ont..		.25
Y. P. S. C. E. and Pres. S.S., Birnie, Man..		6.55
From 'A Contributor,' Strathcona, Alta, per J. M. Holson		1.00
A class of girls, Fairmount Ave. Sunday-school		1.00
Friends in Belgrave, Ont.		1.00
	$	42.90
Total to June 25, 1907, per ack.		$10,475.23
Less $10.40, intended for Labrador and credited by mistake to Chinese Fund		10.40
Total....		$10,507.73

This fund is now closed.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

He was enjoying one of these stolen snoozes at the time of the adventure, when the mare suddenly stopped. John didn't. As a natural consequence, his nose came in somewhat violent contact with the edge of the backboard. This woke him effectually. He was a good fellow, so he neither swore nor thrashed his mare, as I am afraid a good many would have done under similar circumstances. Instead of this, he went round to his horse's head, patted her on the neck, and asked what all the trouble was about.

'What's the matter now, Polly? Eh, lass?'

Polly didn't say anything, but she looked a good bit frightened, and shy of the hedge on her near side, so John proceeded to explore. The moon had set some time, and as it was too dark to distinguish anything very clearly, he struck a match, and after a little bother succeeded in lighting the tallow dip in his lanthorn, which he invariably carried with him, and as invariably never used.

It was rather an eerie sensation that came over him, when, by the aid of a light, he saw lying in the hedgerow what he at first took to be the body of a murdered man. He was nearer right than he knew, though the man was not then dead, and though the agents of his undoing—who dispense that 'good creature of God,' are not as yet—the more's the pity—looked upon as murderers in English law.

A very slight inspection showed him that the man was dying, though to John's thinking he was as near dead as made very little difference. The thing that perplexed him was what to do with his find. To a man of John Hodson's build, leaving him where he was was out of the question. So, after discussing various plans with his mare, he decided at last to take him to the infirmary at Hull, if he could only get assistance to lift him into the cart. He did not think the jolting would do him any more harm than the wet grass, and, besides, he could think of no better plan of dealing with him.

He had not long arrived at this decision when up the road came another market cart, the owner of which was well known to him, and with his assistance Tom Smart, for he it was, was carefully lifted into the cart, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The man was altogether unconscious, and only moaned as he was lifted in the cart, and murmured 'Kitty.' In due time they arrived at the infirmary, and though it happened to be very full at the time, they of course took the patient in, after having obtained all the information concerning him that John Hodson had to give, which, as my readers know, was but very little.

It was a very sad little heart that beat in the bosom of sweet little Kitty that Sabbath day, when she learnt from the kindly lips of Jennie Bardsley that her father had gone away. Jennie was greatly at a loss how to treat the matter, but Kitty's anxious questioning look could not be evaded, and so she explained to the bairn that her father had got the drink craving on him again, and had gone away for a short walk to try to master it, but he would be back soon, she added, hopefully, nor did she for a minute doubt that what she said was true; but Tom Smart never came back to Netherborough again. She could not tell the child what it was that had brought the craving on again, nor did Kitty think to ask. She accepted Miss Bardsley's word, and took consolation from the fact that he would be back again soon, and meanwhile she would pray for him.

During the afternoon Jennie got some of her friends to scour the neighborhood, but no signs of the missing man could be found. No one had seen him, and when evening came and poor little Kitty began to lose hope, Jennie hardly dared think as to what might have become of him.

Monday came and went and still no signs. And so Tuesday passed and Wednesday. All the waters in the district were fruitlessly dragged, and even the dangerous wayside pond in which poor Tom Smart had laved his fever-stricken brow, but, of course, in vain. Mrs. Consett was very good to her little neighbor, but Kitty was not satisfied, and so on Thursday, when she had got the 'chilther' their breakfast and prepared dinner for them, she put on her new hat and boots and her little cloak, and went out quietly, for fear Mrs. Consett should hear, telling the bairns that she was going out to bring father home, and they were quite content.

Later in the day, when Jennie Bardsley came in, as her wont had been since Sunday, she was astonished and troubled to find Kitty gone, almost as completely as her father—but Kitty was in safe hands.

Kitty's idea of things was very vague—she was only a little one, but she was bound to find her father, and she was sure she could. These other people could not find him because he was not their father, but she could—hadn't she often found him before?

As she passed up the street, she peered cautiously in at the public-houses on her way, dreading, yet hoping, to find him there, but she could see no signs of him. One or two saw her and pitied her, and even the wife of one of the very publicans who had done no little in times past towards ruining her father's body and soul, could not repress a tear as she caught sight of her poor, wan, troubled little face peeping timidly through the temptingly swung door. After leaving Netherborough she walked on and on till she was well away from the town, and then she began to look out for someone whom she might ask if they knew anything about him.

One or two chance passers looked at her curiously, but anxious as she was, she could not make up her mind to speak to them, and she began to feel tired and disappointed, and so, poor little soul, she sat down on a milestone and began to cry.

'Hallo, little woman, what's the matter noo? This'll never do.'

The voice was so cheery and pleasant that Kitty could not help but look up, and the face she saw was so pleasant and cheerful, too, that she had to smile through her tears.

'That's better, ma bairn. Noo what's all the trouble?'

Kitty saw that the stranger who was speaking to her must have got out of the trap that was standing on the road, and therefore he might have come from somewhere where her father was; so she summoned up courage at last, and ventured to ask him if he had seen her father.

'Why? hev you lost him, bairn? What was he like?'

This was a poser to Kitty. She quite thought everybody would know her father at once, and besides, now she came to think of it, she couldn't for the life of her remember what he was like.

'He was like—like feyther, that's all,' said she, and the stranger laughed a hearty, happy laugh, but Kitty was rather offended.

'And what do they call you, little one?'

'Kitty—Kitty Smart, and father's name's Smart, too, but they call him Tom.'

'Kitty, eh?' and the stranger's face grew serious. 'And where do you live?'

'At Netherborough.'

'Well, I'm going to Netherborough to see the new line, and so we'll go together, shall we?'

Kitty was by no means loth, although she had not yet succeeded in finding her father. On the way back the stranger found out quite a lot about her and her father, and the result was that when they got to Netherborough he went straight to Jennie Bardsley's home, and brought her little runaway back to her safe and sound, greatly to her delight. What is more, he told her all he knew about poor Tom Smart, how he had found him unconscious, and had taken him to the Hull Infirmary, where he was then lying, for, as my readers will readily have guessed, the stranger was none other than John Hodson. And so you see Kitty had been in safe hands, for are not God's hands safe? And she had found her father after all.

Jennie made arrangements to drive into Hull the next day, taking Kitty with her. Of course she explained to the little one that her father was very ill, but even she was surprised when she saw him.

They were readily admitted, for, as they told Jennie, death was only a question of hours, and perhaps not that.

Poor Kitty, she was told she must be very quiet, but the sight of her father lying there was too much for her, and she fell on the bedside, crying, 'Feyther, speak to me.'

Tom opened his eyes, recognized her, and smiling weakly, said, 'Ma bairn'; and Kitty was half wild with joy.

When the doctor saw him a little later, he tried to cheer him with thoughts of getting well, but Tom knew better.

'Noa, doctor, ah sall nivver be better, an' ah thenk God for it.'

Jennie knew what he meant; he felt the only safe place for him was by his Saviour's side. The fight with drink was too much for him in this Christian land of ours, where at every step is placed a pitfall to entrap the feet of the unwary.

He told Jennie very briefly what had happened to him since the drinking of that fatal cup, as far as he could remember, and then the nurse told them it would be better to leave him, and come again on the morrow. Tom smiled sadly at that, and as he said goodbye to Miss Bardsley, he got her to promise him to look after his bairns. His leave taking of Kitty is too sacred a thing for words.

On the morrow Tom Smart was dead. He had died in the night as peacefully as a child falls asleep.

Jennie reproached herself somewhat that she had not spoken to him of Christ, but then how could she speak of Him to this victim of the travesty of the Supper of our Lord. After all, she felt that Tom was right when he thanked God that he should die.

It may seem to some of my readers that Tom Smart's sad fall on the very threshold of church life is an impossible case. I have good reason to know that the same stumbling-block that ground him to powder is sadly effective and often fatal to this day.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

The Key to the Box.

'What would you do,' said the little key,
To the teak-wood box, 'except for me?'

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key; but it did not speak.

'I believe,' said the key, 'that I will hide
In the crack down there by the chimney-side.

Just so this proud old box may see
How little it's worth, except for me.'

It was long, long afterward, in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,
'Now I'll be good to the box on the shelf.'

But the little key stopped with a shiver and shock,
For there was a bright new key in the lock.
And the old box said: 'I'm sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key.'
—'Presbyterian Witness.'

His Life-work.

'Do leave those Georgia "crackers," my boy, and come home. Your sisters need you, and it's high time you left the starved life you're leading and came back to your place here.'

Stephen Phelps read and reread this paragraph in his college chum's latest letter. There had been many such letters from his friends and his family during the four years he had spent in Georgia, and of late they had become more frequent and insistent.

His thoughts went back to the time when he had arrived there, just out of college, to recuperate from a nervous strain, and incidentally to look after his father's business interests. It had indeed seemed a lonely, 'starved' sort of existence that he was entering upon. He remembered vividly his first impression when he found himself surrounded by suspicion and hatred because of his Northern connections, in the midst of ignorance and lawlessness, in what was known as the darkest corner of Georgia.

The situation held something of a challenge for a nature like Stephen Phelps's, and his first determination was to show his fearless disregard of threats by going unarmed and unattended among the people. His bearing awakened interest at once, and commanded a sort of qualified respect. As he learned more of their barren, untaught, uncared-for lives, he came to understand why these folk were suspicious and ignorant, why life was held cheap and law despised.

Here, too, was a challenge for Stephen Phelps. It seemed that his was not the only starved life, and he determined to win these people to a better sort of living.

He asked their advice, and took it; he discussed his plans with them, and little by little his honest friendliness won their confidence. In spite of deep prejudice, they entered into his plans for industrial work, for improved housing, and even trusted to his newly established 'Yankee' school their untaught children.

With more and more enthusiasm he threw himself into the work he had undertaken; he made new plans, he worked early and late.

Of course there were for him occasional visits to the Northern home, when he gave himself up to the pleasures and activities of his old 'set' for a time, and listened to fine business offers and to many pleadings for a permanent stay. But each time that he returned to Georgia the new look of hope and life in the faces of 'his people' warmed his heart and seemed worth many a gay dinner and theatre party.

'Come down and see for yourself why I am needed here,' Phelps replied to his friend Makepeace; 'then you'll understand my decision to remain.'

Then he planned to do still better for his people. He moved his own piano into a large hall over one of the new storehouses, and gave an invitation to a Sunday afternoon service. The music attracted many; the man more. People came by the hundred to listen to this young man of splendid optimism and unselfish life, who talked to them simply and earnestly of the love of God and the brotherhood of man. Life had a new meaning for them all—a meaning and a fulness which was not lost even when Stephen Phelps laid down his work.

'He's a great loss,' said a friend to Makepeace, as they walked up the avenue. 'Splendid fellow! Too bad to have thrown himself away and lost these five years in that forsaken place.'

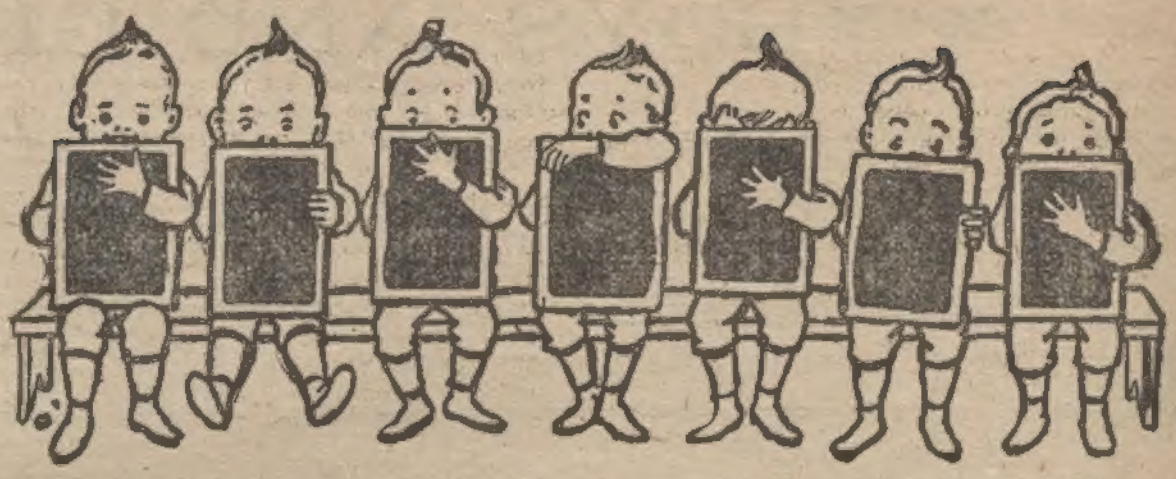
'Have you ever been down there?' asked Makepeace, rather shortly.

'No.'

'Well, I have; and I'd be obliged if you wouldn't repeat that remark. I used to think that way myself, but when I'd seen the work he accomplished and the change he'd brought about through all that region, and the love and devotion of those people to him, it made his life seem about as full and worth while as some of ours.'

'Why, of course,' apologized his friend. 'You see, I didn't understand.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said Makepeace; and then he added, diffidently, 'It says something somewhere, you know, about "he that loseth his life shall find it," and somehow it seems to me Phelps found his.'—'Youth's Companion.'



FIGURING OUT HOW LONG THE HOLIDAYS WILL LAST.

The Hidden Rose.

Two maidens, very fair to look upon, started one morning on a journey—a journey across the Plain of Life. It stretched before them, fair, alluring. It was bounded by a forest whose trees climbed up and hid a mountain. Beyond that, so they had heard, was a river, on the far side of which was the Palace of the King, of the Land of Eternal Day.

'We are beautiful,' said Ayeda, the elder. 'It can not be but that he will look upon us with favor, so only our robes be white when we seek his presence.'

'Can we keep them thus, the journey is so long?' replied Carita.

'With care we can, and we must care for naught else,' said Ayeda. And they journeyed on.

The plain, which had been easy enough to tread at first, became rugged and uncertain and full of holes. Some of these were filled with water, some with mud. To keep clear of these needed much thought, and they trod with painful care. Other travellers, too were at their side, travellers of all ages. One, an old man, sore spent, caught hold of Ayeda's hand.

'Let me lean on thee!' he besought her, but she shook him off.

'Soil my robe for thee?' she cried.

Carita heard. Swiftly she drew his hand in hers.

'He will besmirch thy robe,' warned her friend.

'I can not help it,' replied Carita.

Even as she spoke, the old man was no longer at her side. Only a stain was on the folds of linen that hung about her.

As they neared the forest, they saw a woman lying in one of the largest pools.

'Ah! lend thy hand a moment, that I may rise,' she implored.

'Tis of small use, thy rising,' replied Ayeda. 'The King would not look upon thee.'

And she passed into the gloom of forest.

Carita stretched forth her hand. The hapless woman caught it, and Carita strongly pulled her. But the mud of the pool was splashed upon her garment, and it looked soiled, indeed. Strange to say, the woman she had saved was more grieved than she. Carita, indeed, gave it no thought, so intent was she upon guiding the steps of a child she had found wailing at the foot of the tree. She took the child with her into the forest shade.

'Have a care,' called Ayeda, whose snowy robe was spotless yet. Thou wilt need both thy hands in this forest to clear thy path from thorns.'

'The child needs help,' was all Carita could reply; but as she looked at her friend, her heart for a moment sank, for Ayeda's eyes had known no tears and shone like stars. She had carried no burden, and her form was erect. She had lent no aid, and her robe was unsoiled.

But poor Carita! Not only was she splashed with mud, but she had wept until her eyes were dim. She had helped this one and that, and her form was bent. She had borne the burdens of those beside her, and her strength was spent.

Ayeda's skin was soft and fair, for she had eaten plentifully of the fruit that grew by the way. Carita had plucked for the old man and for the children, and had taken but few herself, and those not of the best. Her hair, too, had turned gray since she had entered the forest. How could she hope to be admitted into the presence of the King, much less that he should smile on her? Yet any cry for help, and she turned to the spot from whence it came. She could not turn from it with Ayeda's wisdom, but ever lent her aid and soiled her robe. So with bleeding feet she climbed the mountain. So with sinking heart she faced the stream.

On the further side of that river the King's Palace rose, tower upon tower of snow-white marble and of burning gold. Gardens that bloomed with fairest flowers surrounded it. At the great gate the weary travellers stood. The wardens blew their horns.

'Enter! enter!' they cried, 'Enter all whose robes have neither spot nor stain, whose forms are fair and whose eyes are bright. None other doth the King desire.'

Proudly Ayeda stepped from the throng. Two sentinels, in shining armor, met and stayed her.

'Thy robe,' said one, pointing.

'Thy face, thy form,' said another. 'See thou thyself.'

Ayeda looked into a pool of water, near. She shrieked loudly.

'The river works many a change,' spoke the sentinel. 'In thy passage through those dark and silent waters thy robe was washed from thee, and one that, unknowing, thou hadst been weaving on the way by the deeds—the hidden robe of thy true soul—was thus uncovered. And in those waters all eyes that have not wept for others grow dim, all limbs that have not toiled grow bent. Regard thyself.'

Ayeda shrieked again and wrung her hands. Her form had shrunk to almost pigmy proportions; her garments hung stained and soiled about her. Her hard, pinched face, mean with meanest thoughts, showing but ignoble desires and selfish hopes, had no beauty for the eyes of any.

The sentinel took Carita's hand and drew her forward. And lo! her transformation was very wonderful to see. The tears she had shed for others had made her eyes more lustrous than the stars. Her brow pure and noble, had been moulded by noblest thoughts and loftiest aspirations. The burdens not her own that she had borne had trained her limbs to grace and strength. On the new robe

she wore were interweaving of bright gold wherever on the old had been a stain.

The great gates opened wide.

'Bride of the King,' said the sentinel, 'pass on.'—'Christian Register.'

General Dorothy's Dish Campaign.

'Dorothy!' came the gentle reminder call from the kitchen.

'Yes, grandma, in just a minute—just as soon as I see whether Jack Downing escaped or not. The Indians are almost up with him now!'

Then having hurriedly read another page, Dorothy Holman reluctantly turned down a leaf of 'Fighting his Way,'—a habit Mrs. Mason was trying to break her granddaughter of—and ran out to the sink where all the breakfast dishes were piled together on a side table.

'Oh, dear!' half audibly. 'I wish I were a boy; if I were, I wouldn't have to wash dishes. Then, too, if I were a boy, I might become a general some time, and command folks as Jack's father did. And'—

'A general—like to become a general!' declared grandma, briskly. 'Well, I don't see that your not being a boy need prevent you. Why not become a general—General Dorothy—if you want to?'

'Me!' exclaimed Dorothy, quickly, forgetting her grammar in her surprise. 'You don't mean that I'—Dorothy noticed the twinkle in her grandmother's eyes and hesitated. 'You're making fun, grandma—of course you are! A girl—a general! They don't allow such things!'

'But—suppose we do!' and Mrs. Mason felt of a towel on a line over the stove to see if it was dry.

'I—I suppose you will have to explain,' suggested Dorothy, completely mystified. 'I can't see what you mean. If I were a general, whom would I fight? There are no Indians round here, nor'—

'But there are dishes—a regiment of them,' interrupted grandma, smiling. 'And they've been waiting nearly an hour to be attacked. There isn't one of them, from the large platter to the egg glasses, that isn't in the hands of the enemy. For dirt is always a foe to cleanliness—its very worst enemy!'

'But, a—general must have troops under him. And I'—

'Haven't any? Certainly you have—ten of the bravest little fellows ever a general need to have. And they do everything you tell them to. Let me see,' and Mrs. Mason set a pile of saucers farther back from the edge of the tablet lest a jar might send them off.

'Who—who are they, grandma?' Dorothy was becoming more and more curious.

'Why, Captain Right Thumb and Captain Left Thumb, to be sure—they are two of them. Then there are Lieutenant First Finger, Right, and Lieutenant First Finger, Left; the two Corporal Middle Fingers, Major One Third Finger and Major Other Third Finger. Then there are the two privates—Right Little Finger and his left-handed neighbor. What general would want a better set of workers than these under him?'

'I see—now!' laughed Dorothy, gayly.

'I'd set my men in order to make a first attack upon the silver,' suggested Mrs. Mason, turning some hot water into the large, shining pan. 'After a little concerted action they want be able to do any mischief in the field!'

Of course grandma didn't mean field, but whoever heard of subduing an enemy on a table?

'Then I'd break up that line of tumblers, but not the tumblers themselves!' and Mrs. Mason smiled, shaking her head meaningly.

'I'd next put to flight—see how quickly you can put them under cover of the closet—the plates, cups and saucers. Then I'd direct my forces against the coffee pot and the tin dishes. Caesar would have called these the "baggage," I imagine!'

'The stewpan and kettles are left,' hinted Dorothy—General Dorothy she should now be called.

'To be sure! Just take them prisoners, and keep them till I get the bread ready for the oven, and I'll attend to their case. They won't be able to do any mischief in the pot closet.'

In a minute General Dorothy had her men—they resent being called fingers—ready for action. And long before grandma had the bread ready for the tins there wasn't a single enemy left on the table or the sink. Even the prisoners had been shut up in the dark pot closet in solitary confinement.

'Well, well!' remarked Mrs. Mason, approvingly. 'I never saw a more successful campaign than that—not an enemy in sight! If ever the opportunity presents itself, I shall recommend General Dorothy for promotion.'

And she stooped and kissed the 'General'—would you have believed it?—'Zion's Herald.'

A True Missionary.

The story is told of a German girl in a large American city who prayed for years that she might be sent to a foreign land as a missionary. One morning after her usual prayer it seemed almost as though the Lord was talking to her as her thoughts ran something like this:

'Where were you born?'

'In Germany.'

'Where are you now?'

'In America.'

'Who lives in the room next yours?'

'A Swede girl.'

'Is she a Christian?'

'No.'

'Who lives in the flat below?'

'An Irish family?'

'Christians?'

'No.'

'Who lives next door?'

'Italians.'

'Christians?'

'No.'

'Have you ever done any missionary work in this neighborhood?'

And she was obliged to answer, with shame and humiliation. 'No.'

In a foreign land, in the midst of foreigners, who knew nothing of God, she had not recognized her opportunity.—Selected.

The Grace of Kindness.

A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips, pressed them to her heart, and then she fell asleep.

The train neared its destination. The father came in from the smoking car. At sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger, and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling: 'The Lord's blessin' rest on you for your kindness to my motherless bairn.' The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, 'I've —been—in—heaven—pa; I've—got —some—roses.' Other eyes were moist besides the father's, and one could almost hear a divine voice saying, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me.'—Selected.

Nail Your Colors to the Mast.

A few years ago I saw in a museum in Sunderland a peculiar memento which is highly prized by the people of that town. It was a bottle containing the heart of an old Sunderland sailor named Jack Crawford. That brave sailor's act gave rise to the common saying at the top of this paper.

In one of the battles fought by Nelson in the Baltic, the ship on which Crawford was serving was hotly engaged by the foe. Shot and shell fell thickly on board, and at last the mast on which the British flag was flying was brought down by a well-directed cannon-ball.

Once more the flag was defiantly placed on the stump of the broken mast, and again a shot brought it down to the deck. Crawford, seeing this, took a hammer and a large nail, and with the flag wrapped round his arm, climbed to the top of the broken mast, and, in the face of the enemy, nailed the tattered emblem of England's glory to it.

That was a brave deed, boys and girls, a deed which Englishmen will never forget, and which can never be repeated now that the old wooden ships have given way to our monstrous ironclads. We all like a man to be willing to show what side he is on, don't we? and we would not trust and could not admire one who is afraid to show his colors.

But have we ever quite realized that we have a great responsibility just in this way?—that our duty as Christians is to show the world clearly every day what side we are on, and what Master we are serving?

You remember the words of Christ, 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God.'

We all have plenty of opportunity of doing that, and in fact every day we live we are either bravely confessing that Christ is our Master and Saviour, or else we are denying Him. Perhaps we do not mean to deny Him; but that is really what we are doing, unless by our Christly behaviour we confess our love and allegiance to Him and His teachings. And, you know, it sometimes takes a good deal of courage to 'nail our colors to the mast' in the service of Christ.

Let me tell you a story of a very brave soldier, who was as courageous in the service of Christ as he was on the battlefield. He was a general in the service of Frederick the Great, by the name of Joachim von Zeithen. Now his master the king was unfortunately a scoffer at everything religious; and one day, when surrounded by many of his courtiers, he turned round on the General, and jeered at him because he had attended the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The brave soldier would not tolerate this, and with grave dignity he made reply,—

'Your Majesty knows that in war I have never feared danger, but have risked my life for you and my country. But there is One above us who is greater than all; He is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has dearly bought us with His precious blood. This Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted, for on Him reposes my faith, my comfort, my hope in life and death. If your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your State. I salute your Majesty.'

That was a brave answer, and might have cost the General dearly; but Frederick the Great knew how to admire courage, even though he foolishly scoffed at other good things; and, putting forth his hand, he grasped the General's, and replied,—

'Oh, happy Zeithen! how I wish I could only believe it? I have a great respect for you; this shall never happen again.'

When he rose from the table and entered his private apartment he took the gallant soldier with him. What the conversation between the King and the General was, no one knows, but we may be sure that Zeithen spoke faithfully for his Lord and Saviour.

So you see, dear children, that even those who may at first laugh at you will really admire you if you are brave in your confession of Christ.

Confessing Christ! How much it means! And yet that is just what each one of us may do. There are only a few things that any of us can do really well. Often we wish we could do that which does not lie within our power; but whatever our gifts, however few or many they be, we can all do this—bravely and consistently confess Christ. Before our brothers and sisters, before our school companions and friends, anywhere, everywhere, at any time, we can, we must confess Christ. For what is it Christ says? 'Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.'

I have read the story of a man named Dilawar Khan, who used to be an Afghan robber. He was converted to Christ, and, having joined a British regiment, was, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, ordered to Delhi. Separated from the missionaries, under whose influences he had been converted, he was at a loss to know how best to confess among the Mohammedan soldiers the great change in his religion. Taking a loaf of bread, he ate it with a European in the presence of all. When he was afterwards baptized, he received the name of Dilawar Messih, which means, 'Bold for Christ.'

Would not that be a splendid description of the life and character of every boy and girl who reads this? It may be, if like Jack Crawford, General von Zeithen, and Dilawar Khan, we are true to the best that is in us, and in every moment of opposition or temptation we 'Nail our colors to the mast.'—Albert E. Salmon, in 'Early Days.'

Singing Kettles.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add little unexpected attractions to everyday life, manufacture, in a great variety of forms, iron tea-kettles which break into song when the water boils. The song may perhaps be as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the tea-kettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath their thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effect some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.—Detroit 'News'

The Penny Plants.

(Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'Congregationalist.')

There was once a little old man who lived in a house on the edge of a wood. His wife was dead and his son had gone to the wars, and so the little old man lived all alone.

Now and then he had word from his son, who promised to come home some day to help his father. Sometimes the neighbors would come in to see how he did. But when the day's work was done the little old man sat in his little kitchen by his little fire, cooked his little supper and ate it all alone.

His farm was but a little farm, and other work was hard to find. His crops were poor, and as the days went on the little old man grew ragged and hungry and thin, for there was no one to look after his clothes or bake his bread or smile across the hearth when he came in—and that is worst of all to bear.

At last he grew so lonely that he had strange thoughts by day. And his son never came to help and cheer him. So he became like a child again.

One day, when he opened the leather bag which he had for a purse and poured the money out, five pennies rolled across the table; and that was all he had.

'Ho!' said the little, old childish man, 'I have so few pennies left I shall have to plant them and perhaps the penny plants will grow.'

So he went out into the shed and took down his hoe. Then he put the pennies back into the bag and put the bag into the pocket of his ragged coat, took his torn hat down from the nail and started out to plant the five pennies. But because his own crops had failed that year, he would not plant them in his own field, but left the wood behind him and went down the road looking for a place where there was plenty of sun and plenty of water, where it was not too wet and not too dry, and where the cows could not eat off the penny plants when they began to grow. For he was a shrewd and wise old man, in spite of all his childishness.

Down the road a little way he found a place that seemed just right for penny plants, opposite a shoemaker's shop. But just then the shoemaker came to the door, wringing his hands and crying out that his trade was spoiled.

'What's the matter, Cobbler?' said the little old man.

'O,' said the cobbler, 'the king has ordered fifty pairs of hunting boots and I have the leather all cut out, but I can't finish them, for I forgot to buy the wax to wax the thread and I haven't a penny left.'

'Is that all!' said the little old man, who had a pitying heart. 'I was just going to plant a penny here. Take it and buy what you need and finish the boots for the king.'

So the shoemaker took the penny and the little old man trudged on. But because now he had only four pennies left, they were precious to him, and he looked for a long time before he found a place which he thought would be a good one for penny plants to grow. At last he found just the place he wanted, neither too wet nor too dry. But it was close beside a tailor's door.

Now the tailor had his troubles, too, and stood in the door shaking his head and groaning like a child with an aching tooth.

'Ay, you Tailor!' cried the little old man. 'What ails you this fine day?'

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

'Alas!' cried the tailor, shaking his head until the tears dropped down. 'The king has ordered a hundred hunting coats and the cloth is all cut, but I haven't a penny left to buy the thread.'

'O, well!' said the little old man. 'I was going to plant a penny here, but if you need it so much for thread, it is yours. Hurry up the king's coats and stop your crying.'

So he took the second penny out of the bag and gave it to the tailor and went on. But because he had only three pennies left, they were very precious, and he looked for a long time for a good place to plant the next.

At last he found a sunny place, neither too wet nor too dry, close beside a hatter's shop. But the hatter stood by his door lamenting, and the kind heart of the little old man made him call out,

'Now then, Hatter, what's the matter?'

'O!' said the hatter, 'the king has just ordered a hundred hats with cocks' feathers, and I have cut out the cloth and pulled the feathers, but I have broken my needle, and I haven't a penny left to buy one.'

So the little old man took out his dear third penny, and gave it to the hatter to buy a needle to sew on the cocks' feathers, and went slowly down the road looking for just the right place to plant his fourth penny.

He found it just beside a baker's door, but as he was lifting his hoe to dig, the baker in his white cap and apron, with the flour on his hands and nose, came out to see; and he looked to the little old man as if he had lost his last friend.

'Ho, Baker!' cried the little old man. 'What makes you wear so sour a face?'

'Alas!' cried the baker, with his face as long as his shovel. 'The king has ordered a hundred loaves of bread for the hunting dinner and I have mixed the dough, but I haven't a penny left to buy matches to light the fire to heat the oven.'

Now the little old man had just two pennies left, and they were very, very dear to him. For if he gave these away, where would he get the penny plants to pick the pennies from to buy him clothes, and shoes, and patch the big leak in the roof? Would you have given the baker one of your two pennies to buy matches to light the fire to heat the oven to bake the bread for the king?

The little old man had a kind heart after all, but for a minute he could not speak, for he wanted the fourth penny so much to grow into a penny plant; and this was such a good place for it to grow beside the baker's door! But when he thought of the hundred loaves of bread that would be spoiled for want of a match to light the fire to heat the oven, he opened his bag, took out a penny to give to the baker and said:

'Here is a penny to buy matches to light the fire to heat the oven to bake the bread; and God bless the batch!'

Now the poor little old man had just one penny left, and he went on down the road looking for a good place to plant it. It must be the best place of all, and the little old man was a long time about the search. But at last he found the very place, just opposite a carpenter's shop, and he let his hoe fly to soften the soil and make a deep bed for the penny to grow. He took out the bag and looked at the dear last penny in his hand and thought of all the pennies it might bring—enough to keep him till his son came home—

and he sighed when he remembered how he had given the other four to the shoemaker, the tailor, the hatter, and the baker. But he did not wish a single one of them back again, for the heart was big in his little body and he knew that sharing is the best way in the world.

Just then the carpenter came to his door, and he was wringing his hands as if he would wring the water out of them, and his face looked like a withered apple with a worm at the core.

'Hey, Carpenter,' called the little old man, 'what makes you wring your hands?'

The carpenter left off wringing, and said, 'The king has ordered a hunting lodge built, and I have all the boards and nails, and a hundred men to work, but I haven't a bit of chalk to mark the boards, and I haven't a penny left to buy it.'

Now what would you have done when you had but one penny left in the world, and the bed was already to plant it and you needed all the pennies it would grow?

The little old man had a good heart. He thought of all the hundred men who could not work on the king's house and how the king would have to go home to his palace when he grew tired of hunting. So he here cut his last penny to the carpenter and said,

'Take it, in God's name, and make the house as strong as you can.'

Now the bag was empty and the little old man had nothing more to do. So he turned back toward home. He was very tired and the day was hot. By and by he sat down under a tree close by a brook, and the song of the water soon put him to sleep. He slept all day and he slept all night. In the morning the sunbeams knocked a long time on the doors of his eyes before he woke. Then he remembered that there was a bit of cheese left in the home cupboard, so he put his hoe over his shoulder and started off—left foot; right foot—though his stomach felt as empty as a shaken bag, till he came to the baker's door.

There stood the baker, rubbing his hands for pleasure, and the smell of the oven was like a meal to a hungry man.

'Come in! Come in!' cried the baker, hurrying out to meet him. 'Yesterday you gave me a penny to buy matches to light the fire to heat the oven to bake the bread, and I can't let you go hungry past my door.'

So the little old man went in and the baker gave him bread and cake to eat, and packed up three loaves for him to carry home.

And now he went on merrily till he came to the hatter's door. But the hatter, when he saw him, laughed like a child on Christmas and called out: 'Come in! Come in! Yesterday you gave me a penny to buy a needle to sew cocks' feathers on the king's hunting caps and I can't let you go by my door with such a worn old hat.'

So the hatter fitted him a fine new hat with a feather, and a bow, and the little old man went on his way as merry as a grig.

When he came to the tailor's door he took off his new hat with a bow such as they make at the king's court, for there stood the tailor, and he felt so fine that he had made himself a brand new coat—and that means that he felt very fine indeed. After the tailor and the little old man were done bowing and scraping, the tailor almost pulled the little old man into his shop.

'Yesterday,' he said, 'you gave me a penny to buy thread, and I can't let you go by my house with such a rag on your back.'

So he fitted him out with as good a coat as he wore himself, and the little old man felt as fine as a fiddle as he marched along the way, though his toes stuck out of his old shoes, playing hide-and-seek as he trudged along.

When he came to the cobbler's door, there stood the shoemaker as jolly as a sparrow. When he saw the little old man he fairly danced out into the road and cried:

'Come in! Come in! Yesterday you gave me a penny to buy cobblers' wax and I can't let you go by my door with eyes and mouths in your shoes.'

So while the cobbler found him a fine new pair of shoes they chatted together like sparrows in the hedge, and at last he went dancing home as if he were twenty, and the fiddlers were playing hornpipes for a reel.

Just at his own door the old man met the carpenter and his men. They had been at work all day in his house, and they waved their hats and cried:

'Come in! Come in! Yesterday you gave us a penny to buy chalk to mark the timbers for the king's house, and we couldn't let you live in a house with broken doors.'

So they led him in and left him at the door, for he had been so long upon the way that it was supper time, and they were all in a hurry to get home to their wives and babies.

The house was all spick and span, and smelling of new, clean, spicy wood from the doorsill to the garret stairs. They had made the guestroom new and the roof tight, and had swept up the shavings and piled the chips beside the hearth. The little old man was so astonished and so glad, that he could only call out, 'God bless you!' after them as they hurried away.

The little brown hen of the little old man, and the black hen and the white hen, had each laid him an egg while he was gone. There was a pinch of tea in the cupboard, besides the bit of cheese, so he made a fire and set the kettle on to boil and thought how happy he was in his clean, new house and fine new clothes, with the three new loaves of bread upon the table. But for all the kindness of the shoemaker, and the tailor, the hatter, the baker, and the carpenter, there was still one drop of bitterness in the bottom of his cup—for he was all alone.

Just then there came a knock on the door, and the little old man cried: 'Come in! Come in!' for he was still thinking of the cobbler and the rest.

The door opened, and there, with his cap in his hand and his knapsack on his back, was his soldier son, come home at last to keep the house and work the farm and find the pennies for the old man's food and clothes.

So they kissed each other and the little old man held his son and would not let him go, till the kettle that had been singing on the hearth, began to boil over and the fire to scold as the hot drops fell. Then they both laughed and made the tea. And after they had eaten, they sat hand in hand before the fire and told each other all that had happened since they parted long ago. And the little old man went to his bed in the little new house, and never once thought of the penny plants he meant to have in the good places all along the road.

Loyal.

Loyalty is unpurchasable. It can die, but it cannot deny itself. An instance of loyal patriotism is told by Doctor Trumbull in his War Memoirs of a Chaplain:

At the close of the Civil War I saw a Virginia land owner near the field of Mechanicsville, where General McClellan fought one of his severe battles in the summer of 1862. This man said that he went out to the field after our troops had retired from it. He noticed a little fellow lying wounded in the hot sun. As he looked pityingly at the boy, the boy gained courage to make a request:

'Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty.'

'Of course I will,' said the man, and he brought the water.

Encouraged by this, the little fellow asked again: 'Won't you get me taken to the hospital? I'm badly wounded.'

The man said: 'Well, now, my boy, if I get you taken care of, and you get well so that you can go home again, will you come down here and fight me and my folks once more? How about that?'

It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner boy, but that boy stood the test. Looking his captor in the eye, he said, firmly: 'That I would, my friend.'

'I tell you,' said that man, 'I liked that pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital, and good care taken of him.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Bells of the Angels.

There comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not;
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings.
If he put from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing, that throb in the pulses of life,
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings;
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.
Let us look in our hearts and question: Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

—From 'Word and Work.'

Things to Remember.

One day, as the boys and their tutor were clambering over stones, poking about in the hope of finding some relic, Mr. Wilson exclaimed: 'Look out for that poison-ivy, boys!'

'But I thought the poison kind had only three leaves, and this has five,' cried John, who had gone some distance from the others.

'There are two kinds of ivy here,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'the one which you are looking at, John is the Virginia creeper; in the fall this ivy has dark blue berries. We are looking at some poison-ivy over here; its berries are white and it has three leaves.'

'Well, I guess I know the difference said Abe. 'Do you see my hand?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Wilson; 'I've been wondering what was the matter with it.'

'Well I was poking around yesterday in the woods, and I was careless I 'spose, because this morning when I woke up I found I'd poisoned myself.'

'How did it feel?' asked John.

'It burned and itched, and it was all broken out in red blotches and blisters.'

'But what did you do for it?' asked John.

'Mother wet some pieces of cloth in water and baking soda, and the itching stopped after a little while.'

'How much baking soda did she use?' said John, who always became interested in anything of this kind.

'A tablespoonful to a teacup of water.'

'Here's your old friend baking soda again,' said Mr. Wilson; 'you see, we use it for burns, for sunburn and for eruptions caused by poisons on the skin. Were any of you ever poisoned inside?'

'I was,' said Abe, who had proved such a jolly companion that the boys had again invited him to join them; 'it was over here on the island that I ate some poke-berries last summer because they looked good and juicy.'

'What did you do for that?' said the inquisitive John.

'Mother gave me a lot of warm water, a pint at a time, and once or twice some with a little mustard in it.'

'What did that do to you?' said Jerry. 'Gee, I'm glad I didn't eat any poke-berries.

'I got sick at my stomach and it all came up,' said Abe, 'and then I felt better, only I was so cold, that mother put me in bed in warm blankets and gave me hot coffee to drink.'

'Your mother couldn't have done any better if she had been a doctor,' said Mr. Wilson, 'for she attended to the main thing. She got rid of the poison first and then braced you up afterwards. There are many poisons, however, that have to be treated in special ways. They need an antidote.

'That's a funny word,' said John. 'What does that mean, Guardie?'

'Well, it means something like this: when the cook's baby drank lye she had to have an antidote—in other words, she had swallowed

an alkali. You remember they gave her lemon juice: that's an acid.'

'Why couldn't they have given her vinegar?' said John. 'Isn't that an acid?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'it would have been very good, too.'

'I should think that sometimes people would take acids and get poisoned,' said John.

'You are quite right,' said Mr. Wilson; 'they do, and then you have to give them an alkali, which would be, for instance aromatic spirits of ammonia, or our friend baking soda; but another thing, the acid would injure the walls of the stomach, and you would give milk, or the whites of eggs, or flour stirred in water besides.

'Well, I fear it's going to be rather hard work to study medicines, if this is a part of it, Guardie,' said John; 'but I think I'll like it.' —'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Turkey's Nest.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

'If you find the nest,' said Farmer Brown,
With a twinkle in his eye,
'You shall have the nicest thing in town
That a dollar bill will buy.
But, mind you, it is no children's play
For that sly old turkey hen
Has often stolen her nest away,
And has puzzled all my men.

Across the fields and into the wood,
And down by the running brook,
Among the logs where the old mill stood,
Into every sort of nook,—
And one by one they gave up the quest,
Bobbie and Jack and Fred.
'We never could find that turkey's nest
If we searched a month,' they said.

The fields were wide, and the hills were steep,
And the baby's years were few;
And she lagged behind and went to sleep
Where the alder bushes grew.
And the turkey did not see her guest
As she sought her eggs to set,
So baby awoke and found the nest,—
And they are wondering yet.

An Old-fashioned Virtue.

'Mamma, do I have to wear this great, awful heavy coat to-day? It's just boiling! I can't stand it! It's ridiculous!'

This was shrieked in a sweet, high, fretful soprano by an otherwise lovely girl.

'Yes, my dear,' answered the mother, mildly. 'This kind of weather is treacherous. It isn't safe to put on thin things. You do not realize what a chill there is in the air.'

The girl put on a look of despair, and declared she could not live under such circumstances. She said all the other girls wore thin things, and it was 'ridiculous' She even went so far as to tell her mother that she did not know about the weather—that she had not been out—and implied that her mother was wholly unfit to govern her actions. She first dropped in a dismal heap on the sofa, and declared with tears that she 'wouldn't go a step, then, for she wasn't going to have the girls make fun of her,' but when she saw that had no effect, she slammed out of the door with a vindictive look at the patient mother, who sat sewing on a new dress for her, and I think if she could have seen the pained look in that gentle face she would have forgotten her companions who were waiting for her outside, and have come back to drop in new humiliation at that dear mother's feet.

Mothers have been through a great deal of pain and sorrow and patient endurance for their girls and boys. You will never know until you have had children of your own how much anxiety and waiting-on and care you took. It is right you should give them reverence and curb your own impatience.

'My mother hasn't got me a thick coat yet,' declared one of the maidens who were waiting outside. 'She said it was no use, for she knew I wouldn't put it on if she did.' This with a superior toss of the head that made the girl in the heavy coat feel more and more rebellious against the dear mother who had commanded that it be worn.

The Chinese have one beautiful virtue. They carry it, perhaps, too far, honoring their parents to such a degree that they almost worship them, even when they have such as are utterly unworthy of worship. But we certainly could learn something from them in the way of reverence.—Grace Livingstone Hill-Lutz, in 'Youth's World.'

THE LIZARD.

I don't think I can do better than tell you something about a little friend of mine here, that occupies the same sitting-room with me, and sometimes makes it a bit lively. It is not a baby, nor a cat, nor a dog, nor a monkey, though either of these would at times make it lively enough. It is only a little lizard, just like what you see here in the picture. I dare say, you would not care to have any of these creatures in the room with you, except perhaps in a cage. But if you were in India you couldn't help it. They just come to stay day and night, and don't ask your leave, and there may be half-a-dozen of them there at a time. You see, in India we keep

the doors and windows wide open all the day, and the windows, at least, at night also, so that almost anything that can jump or fly can easily come in if it likes.

But it really doesn't matter about our nimble little friends, the lizards, for they are quite harmless and prefer the walls to any other place to stay on; and, if there are any pictures hanging on the walls, they love to be behind them, out of sight and harm. But they don't stay there always. Certainly not; for they must have food, and they won't get that behind the pictures, but on the open walls. So the walls are their great hunting-ground, and the best time for the work is when the lamps are lit at night. It is then that all insects, of all sorts and sizes, attracted by the light, come in from the outside and fly about the room, and our friend the lizard, who lives mostly on insects, is on the watch for one to alight on a wall.

Hallo! There is a fine, fat spider stopped for a second on a picture. Now watch Mr. Lizard. He is on the opposite wall from it, but he has spied it, and, like a flash, he is round the two corners and within a couple of feet of it. But there he suddenly stops. The rush of him would startle the spider and his game would be up—so he stops, and now begins a policy of cunning, quiet stealth. With his eyes fixed on his prey he gently moves a little bit forward, and then another little bit; crawling, crawling, slowly yet steadily forward until he reaches striking distance, and then, with a sudden dash and open mouth, he is on the unhappy creature, which waited just a second too long, and is now inside those cruel jaws.

Though the lizard has often to wait a good while for the arrival for his lunch or supper, as the case may be, there are times when his meals literally crowd upon him. In the monsoon or rainy season moths and large flies of various kinds, beetles of all sorts and sizes, with many other winged and unwinged creatures, gather into the house, and especially at night, when the lamps are lit, come in through the windows and make themselves at home with you as you sit in your study or drawing-room. This is the lizard's harvest. Scores and scores of these insects will be on the walls at a time, and every lizard in the room will be out for the feast. Such a chasing and catching and gobbling then you never saw, until surfeit says enough, and the hunters reluctantly retire behind their pictures full to the muzzle.

A curious thing about the lizard is the delicacy of its tail. It is so easily disjointed that sometimes a fall from the ceiling will knock it off; and sometimes where two have a fight on the wall over a fly, and perhaps both come down thud on the floor, the result will be at least one stumpy lizard to return and a tail left behind.—'Daybreak.'

Unseen Dangers

Dr. Francis E. Clark, tells an interesting story of a young man living in Maine, who was out in the woods one day with his camera taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, 'I will see what sort of a picture I can get out of that cave,' and as it was a dark day he decided to take a 'time exposure' instead of a 'snap shot.' Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, went upon his way through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his home. Several weeks afterward, in a leisure day, on developing his picture, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture in the very centre of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, and within springing distance of the spot where he had laboriously balanced his camera, a huge Canada lynx, that might easily have torn his eyes out and have destroyed his life, and yet he came and went and saw no signs of danger.

We walk in the midst of physical and moral perils every day in life. How splendid the promise, 'He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep.'—'King's Own.'

Master of Your Surroundings.

Which is the stronger, yourself or your surroundings? There is no question but that the soul may be master if it will, but how often we see the nature weakened by luxury, or else made hard and unsympathetic by poverty, the material surroundings taking control and ruling the rightful king!

Whether your surroundings are pleasant or the reverse, dominate them. Do not let a soft bed and a bountiful table master your ambitions and weaken your resolutions. Do not let a shabby coat and a bare room drag down your ideals or shake your confidence in yourself and in God. Whether your lot is cast in gardens or in desert wastes, you can be master of your surroundings, and king of yourself. 'Young People's Weekly.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 28 1907.

The Golden Calf.

Exodus xxxii., 1-8; 30-35. Memory verses, 34, 35. Read Ex. xxxii-xxxiv.

Golden Text.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols. John v., 21.

Home Readings

Monday, July 22.—Ex. xxxii., 1-18.
Tuesday, July 23.—Ex. xxxii., 19-35.
Wednesday, July 24.—Ex. xxxiii., 1-23.
Thursday, July 25.—Ex. xxxiv., 1-20.
Friday, July 26.—Ex. xxxiv., 21-35.
Saturday, July 27.—Deut. iv., 7-29.
Sunday, July 28.—Ps. cxv., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We have a very short golden text to-day, only six words in it. Let us say it over together—Little children, keep yourselves from idols. This is a very easy text to remember, but do we need to remember it? Who can tell me what an idol is? Oh, there are a great many idols in this world, and most of them are very ugly. But we think it is only the heathen who worship idols, as 'we' know ever so much better than to do that. We have been studying for a long time now about how God, guided and helped the Israelites, and what a lot he did for them, and last week we studied about the commandments he gave them, and how they promised to serve God always. Then Moses went away for a while to learn from God what more he was going to do for the people, and for six or seven weeks they heard and saw nothing of him. He told them before he went, however, that he was going to talk to God, and told them to wait until he came back. Is six or seven weeks a very long time to wait? Do you think your summer holidays a very long time? No, because you are happy and enjoying yourselves; but the Israelites began to worry, and to say, 'Wherever can Moses be?' 'I don't believe he is ever coming back,' and things like that. They forgot all about how much God had done for them in their worry about what was going to happen next, and then it was they made an idol.

Try to explain how it was they wanted to see something, not just trust, that they wanted to go on their way, not wait any longer for God's guidance. Then, after telling the story show how people to-day worship idols. Anything that takes the place of God, the first place, in our lives, can only be called an idol, whether it is ourselves, a game, or a friend. We need to be just as careful as the Israelites to see that God has first place.

FOR THE SENIORS.

As it would take too long to read in class the chapters in which the real subject of our study is found, it will be best to get the scholars to read it over carefully before coming to class, and then run over the principal points together. The big questions of how much our prayers influence God, or in how much God's anger can be compared to man's are questions only for long and careful consideration. That our prayers have a real value with God we can have no manner of doubt from the way in which prayer is referred to all through the Bible, and that God has frequently represented himself as averting an impending doom at the intercession of his faithful servants we must admit, but these subjects admit of far too great discussion to be drawn into a half-hour's study. There is enough of immediate application in this lesson to more than occupy the time at disposal. The study of the two characters, Aaron, brilliant, but ready to cater to the popular demand, and Moses, blunt, but immovable on a question of principle, is full of interest. It is so much more the way of the world, like Aaron to fall in with the popular desire at the least sign of difficulty, and then to turn the blame upon the people at the first occasion, than like Moses in uncompromising censure to rebuke the sin and then offer his own self as its expiation. So much easier to pet the child than to train his mind and heart. The sin of the people was lack of faith. The unseen God they could not trust. They were willing to give God the worship if they might only do it through a visible medium. In this respect the sin of idolatry to-day is even greater. The worshipper of fashion, wealth, or power does not even profess to serve God through these, or only exceptionally so, but behind it is the same lack of faith. God has told us that his service is the best, but we cannot 'see' that it is so now, in this little time of waiting, so we make to ourselves gods, of gold it may be, but gods anyway whose service gives us a visible and present reward. The pleasure of rest and plenty when the promised land was reached was too vague, they desired the feasting and the pleasure now. In what way has the world advanced? It is easy to censure the frailty of Israel, but the message of the golden text is just as forcible to us to-day.

SELECTIONS.

'Have we made any calves? Ah, many. We have been great at idol-making. Can I count the calves we have worshipped? the unholy catalogue: Pride, Fashion, Gluttony, Self-Indulgence, Wealth, Station, Influence, Appearances—all calves of our making, calves of gold.'—Joseph Parker.

Whatever we make first in our heart's love, that is our God. That to which we sacrifice precious things is our God. Whosoever gives up God's commandments, or right, or honor, or truth, or character, or usefulness, for the sake of any gain or of attaining any end, is an idolator.

Never think, when you take a start in idol-worship, that you will stop there. The idol must have an altar. The altar must have an offering. The whole must have a temple. Every sin is self-perpetuating. Begin to love money more than God, and the great idol of mammon will soon make a temple of your life.

The consequences of loving anything more than we love God are deadly. The character deteriorates; the conscience destroys peace; the allurements and attractions fade into horrors; plagues come; we fail of God's guidance; the idol is destroyed and nothing takes its place.—Peloubet's 'Notes.'

It is not easy to estimate the measure of love in a Moses and a Paul; for the narrow boundary of our reasoning powers does not comprehend it, as the little child is unable to comprehend the courage of warlike heroes. —Bengel.

True self-sacrifice is not aimless, nor wasteful. In itself it has no merit. The madman hurls himself from the precipice, or rushes into the fire, and his action is as aimless and as worthless as a hurricane or a conflagration. The patriot flings himself upon the advancing bayonets of the enemy, and the martyr walks, singing, to the stake; but the one purchases by his blood the freedom of his country, and the other, by his costly testimony, vindicates and perpetuates the faith, that, by and by, blesses all men. Self-sacrifice with a moral motive is always fruitful, and justifies itself in the large economy of life.—Philip Stafford Moxom.

The soul is like a curious chamber with elastic walls, which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably, but which, without God, shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the divine is gone.—Henry Drummond, in 'Natural Law.'

Self is our greatest idol.—B. F. Meyer.

Many virtues we set down in our assets find no entry in Heaven's books.—'Ram's Horn.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psa. cvi., 23; Rom. ix., 3; I. Cor. viii., 4; John iv., 24; Ezek. xviii., 4; Mal. iii., 16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 28.—Topic—Home missions: The progress of work among the Mormons. Matt. vi., 15-23; xxiv., 11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, July 22.—The Rechabites tempted. Jer. xxxv., 1-5.

Tuesday, July 23.—The Rechabites resisting. Jer. xxxv., 6.

Wednesday, July 24.—The Rechabites rewarded. Jer. xxxv., 18, 19.

Thursday, July 25.—Our Father's instruction. Jer. xxxv., 12-15.

Friday, July 26.—How to resist temptation. Eph. vi., 10-18.

Saturday, July 27.—Our reward. Jas. i., 12.

Sunday, July 28.—Topic—Lessons from the Rechabites. Jer. xxxv., 1-19. (Temperance meeting.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL METHODS.

Do not offer prizes for beating others, but for improvement on former work.

Attention must be secured through interest.

Methods must change for the different stages of development.

The existing contents of the child's mind must be prepared for new ideas.

Language must be used in terms of the child's vocabulary.

The permanence of an impression depends upon the frequency of repetition.

The most effective gateway of knowledge is the hand. The next is the eye.

The less pressure there is, the more satisfactory the progression.

Make the lessons applicable to the pupils' lives.

Develop admiration for the principle.

Question so as to fasten ideas upon the mind.—selected.

BOYS! A FREE GIFT.

A Jack Knife. A Fountain Pen. A Watch and Chain. A Camera.

Boys at summer resorts and elsewhere may have gifts for themselves and their sisters without giving a cent of their money for them.

This is our plan. People have a good deal of time at the summer resorts for reading and looking at picture papers. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is the best printed paper in Canada. It sells at ten cents a copy. It sells at sight. Send for a dozen to start your sales on. We trust you. If you sell NINE you secure a fine Roger's Jack-Knife; just what you want every day of every week during your holidays; sell FOURTEEN, you get a Fountain Pen, a really first-class article, while if you sell TWENTY we give you an up-to-date Nickel Watch, stem-wind, stem-set, and guaranteed.

During July and August we throw in a neat Chain to match, as an extra with every Watch.

As this offer is away below any we have made a word to the wise should be sufficient.

We have fifty 'Brownie' Cameras—mostly the one dollar size, but some of the larger ones also. The first fifty boys that apply for them will, of course, have first chance. Wouldn't it be fine to win your Camera free in this way, and then compete for that Sovereign Prize offered for the most interesting photograph? (See advertisement elsewhere in this paper.) Contest does not close till Aug. 1, and your little 'Brownie' might take a snapshot that would eclipse in genuine interest the work of older and more experienced photographers.

Sell only EIGHTEEN 'Pictorials' at 10c and you secure the small size 'Brownie,' or sell THIRTY-SIX and you get the Two Dollar size. This is a rare chance—seize it. You can get extra films as you want them on the same basis.

But the main thing is to RUSH IN YOUR ORDER AT ONCE (a postcard will do), so as to get a dozen of the July number to sell at the earliest possible moment. Then remit the $1.20 for those, and get the next lot. When fully paid for we send premium promptly. Try this plan and you will be delighted.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Shep and Ted.

(Jette M. Phelps, in 'SS. Messenger.')

Shep is a 'really, truly' dog—a Scotch Collie shepherd. When he was two months old he came to live at the Walker farm, where he is the special property of Fred and Ted, the Walker twins.

He passed safely through the puppy stage, when his highest ambition was not only to carry off all shoes and rubbers left within his reach, but to catch hold of the clothes hung on the line to dry; and grew at length into a fine specimen of his breed—a large dog with shaggy black hair and well-marked tan points.

SHEP AND TED.

One warm day in summer the twins came disconsolately upon the veranda.

'I wish we had some one to play with,' wailed Ted.

'I should think there would be lots of things two boys could play' said aunty, smiling.

'We've played everything we know that just two can play,' grumbled Fred. 'Just two can't have any fun, hardly.'

'I wish there were six of us, just like the Brown boys,' put in Ted. 'They have just piles of fun.'

'Why, when there are three of you?' asked aunty.

'What do you mean?' cried both boys at once.

'Don't you count Shep?'

'Why, of course, but he can't play games. He's an awful smart dog, though,' said Fred, loyally.

Shep knew that his name was mentioned and he cocked up his ears knowingly.

'Why don't you teach him to play hide-and-seek?' asked aunty.

'You don't suppose we could, do you, honestly?' They were all attention.

'Certainly. He's an unusually intelligent dog,' said aunty, as she laid her book aside. 'We'll go out to the barn now and give him his first lesson.'

Shep had been taught to hunt the boys when told to 'Go find Fred,' or 'Go find Ted,' and many times their mother had called him to her aid when they were nowhere to be seen. As she gave the command he would look into her face with almost human intelligence, give several short, sharp barks to show that he understood, and soon scent their tracks.

'I'll take Shep out behind the cornhouse to blind,' said aunty. 'When you are ready one of you must give a whistle as a signal.' The whistle soon reached her ears.

'Go find them, Shep,' she said, but Shep was off without the order.

Around the barn he ran, nose to the ground, following the scent. Soon Ted was located in a barrel, and Shep expressed his satisfaction by leaping wildly about and uttering short, joyful barks.

'Go find Fred,' said aunty.

In a few minutes Fred was found in a horse manger.

The next game Shep went first to the barrel and then to the manger. Not finding the boys in either of these places he began a general search.

Several games were played, the twins always hiding in the barn and aunty taking Shep each time out behind the corn-house to 'blind.'

Finally Shep understood his part so well that he did not wait for aunty, but as soon as he had found the boys, trotted off to the corn-house by himself. Here he waited until he heard the whistle.

When supper-time came it was hard to tell which of them had enjoyed the game most, Shep, the twins, or aunty.

'That was more fun than we'd have had with a crowd of boys,' said Ted, as they were going into

LITTLE MOTHERS.

the house in answer to the supper bell.

'And the best of it is, Shep does all the blinding,' added Fred. 'I've always hated that.'

Shep looked up knowingly into each of the three faces, wagging his tail.

'I believe he's really anxious for another game,' said aunty, laughing.

'Say, aunty,' said Ted, as they came to the house, 'why can't you write it up so other boys can teach their dogs to play hide-and-seek, too?'

'Oh, please!' cried Fred. 'See, Shep wants you to, too. Don't you, Shep? Say "Yes," then.' And Shep solemnly sat down, thrust out his forepaws, and bowed his head.

'I Happied Him Up'

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled too.

'Do you want me, mother?' asked Agnes.

'No, dear,' said her mother. 'Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?'

'At the Browns. And, oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me.'

The mother laughed.

'Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys, and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible.'

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to 'happy up' those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.—L. C. Tulloch, in 'The Young Churchman.'

The Basket of Cherries.

'Oh, oh, how pretty!' cried Edmund, reaching up his hands. 'Grandmother, may I have some flowers?'

'These are cherry blossoms,' answered grandmother, pulling down a long spray for him. 'After a while the tree will shake them loose, and they will fly away; but in their place they will leave baby cherries to grow large and juicy. Isn't that worth watching?'

The little boy nodded his head. He remembered buying cherries in the market last summer, and they were good.

An hour later grandmother came out and found him still sitting on the bench beneath the cherry tree, looking intently up into the blossom-covered branches.

'The blossoms haven't flown yet,' he said, in a patient little voice. 'Do you think there will be any cherries grown before supper time?'

'Not till after many supper times, little man,' laughed grandmother. 'There will be days to wait; so run away and play, and the cherries will grow fast enough.'

The next day the petals began fluttering down. God's wind and rain came to strengthen the tree, and by and by the sun painted redder and redder the cherries along the slender boughs. Edmund at last might taste them. Three or four days later he sat on the bench, holding his first basket of cherries—his own little basket—quite full. He was just lifting a bunch of four big beauties when he spied his neighbor, Effie, coming down the lane. The first thought that came into his curly head was to run and hide; for Effie hadn't any cherries, and he was sure he had not enough for two. Then he remembered that God had made them, and that God wanted his good things shared. 'Here, Effie!' he called, holding out the pretty bunch to her. 'Come, and let's have a cherry dinner-party.'—'Our Young Children.'

A Queer Home.

Away up in cold Northern Alaska lives a little girl whose home is made of snow. It is a queer little round house, and is of about the same shape as a beehive. She has to crawl through the little front hall on her knees, because it is so low. When she gets inside she finds a fire right in the middle of the floor, with no place for the smoke to get out, but through a hole cut in the snow roof. Her brothers and sisters, all wrapped in furs till they almost look like little bears, are sitting around this fire. Here they eat and sleep and play together, for there is no other room in this little house of snow.—'Christian Observer.'

Correspondence

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' but I always enjoy the letters written by others, and also the stories given. My father has been away for a year. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is married, and keeps the hotel in S., and the other sister is a dressmaker, and my other sister goes to Truro Academy, studying to be a school teacher. My brother is a harness-maker in S. I go to S. school.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Reba.—Ed.]

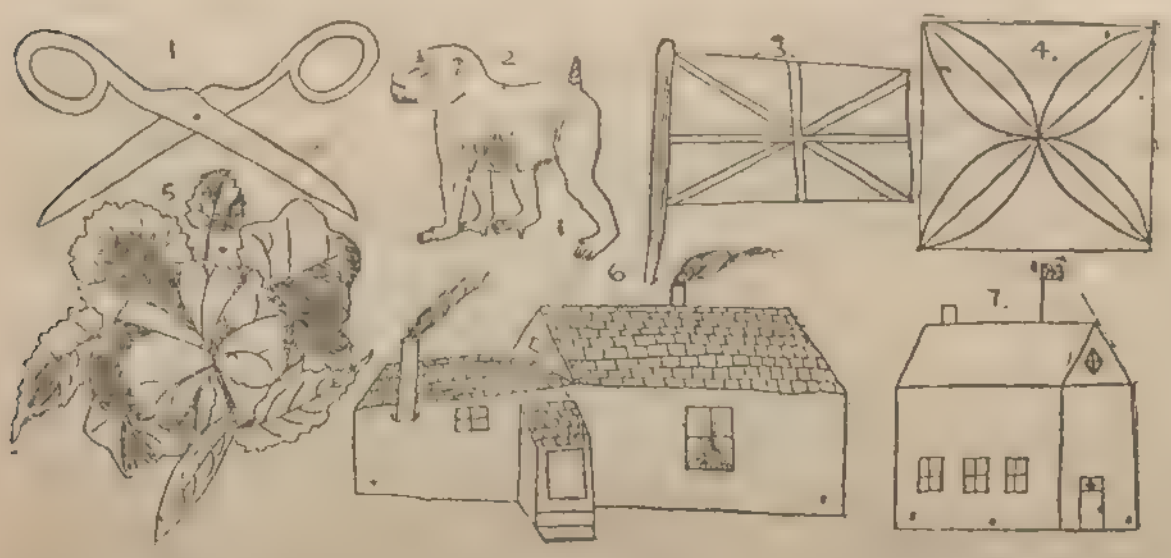
R., S.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years of age. I look at the pretty furry balls, and Topsy would sit contentedly by, allowing everybody to cuddle and fondle her babies. 'I'm going to show them to Jack,' Floy said, 'and if he likes them, perhaps he and Topsy will be friends.' Jack was a cat belonging to Floy's sister, and the two pets had always been jealous of each other. One morning Floy's chance came. She had the kittens in her lap, and the proud little mother was sitting quietly by her side. Jack passed the open door. 'Jack! Jack!' called Floy, 'come here and see these dear little kittens.'

The big cat turned graciously, and with his most lordly air walked leisurely across the room. But Topsy was furtively watching him, and before he had a chance for so much as a peep at her treasures, she sprang upon Floy's knee and stretched herself full length upon the kittens, completely hiding them from view. Jack stalked sulkily away, while Floy laughed. She couldn't help being a little glad that Topsy for once had outwitted him, for he was, as she said, too conceited for anything. Meantime, the little mother licked her kittens contentedly.

STELLA ADELIA JACKSON.

[A very nice little letter Stella. Is the story a true one?—Ed.]



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pair of Scissors.' O. J. McDougall (aged 16), B., Ont.
2. 'The Drill.' Jim Hutcheson, P. A., Sask.
3. 'A Flag.' Kathleen Dunbar (aged 6), P., Ont.
4. 'Flower Figure.' Esther Dunphy, O., Man.
5. 'Autumn Leaves.' Florence Currie, L., Ont.
6. 'Our House.' Belle Hobkirk (aged 12), R., Sask.
7. 'Our Schoolhouse.' M. M. H. (aged 13), Millville, N.S.

in the third book. We have three miles to go to school, but we have holidays now. I have one sister and no brothers. I have a calf, a cat and a dog, but our dog goes away every night, and doesn't come home till noon or night. We haven't seen it for over a day.

BELLA HOBKIRK.

P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, and live on a farm. I go to school all the time, but we have vacation now for six weeks. We are to have a new teacher as soon as school opens. My brother Howard takes the 'Messenger,' and I don't think we could get along without it now.

MYRTLE E. McKENDRICK.

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I go to school, and like it very much, and I just love my teacher. She goes outside and plays games with us. There is a nice organ in our school, and the teacher plays while the children sing, and on Friday afternoons we have a little programme. We have readings, recitations and singing; we all enjoy that.

In the winter time, when I go to school, I take my big yellow dog. We have lots of fun, and sometimes I give my teacher a ride, and, when I get about half-way to school I call and take my playmate to school with the dog. She thinks it is great fun.

MURIEL KIRK.

O., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 12 years old. I am in the third reader at school. I live on a farm just a quarter of a mile south of O. I have a little brother four months old. I will close with a story. Topsy, Floy's pet cat, had two little baby kittens and the young mother was very proud of them. Floy brought all the girls and boys in the neighborhood to

Q., Que.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' where some had spent rainy Sundays in finding texts for all the letters of the alphabet, so I thought I would send some, too. They are as follows:

A—Arise, be not afraid.' Matt. xvii., 7.

B—Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid. Matt. xv., 27.

C—Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden. Matt. xi., 28.

D—Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice. Prov. viii., 1.

E—Excellent speech becometh not a fool. Prov. xvii., 7.

F—For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.

G—Good understanding giveth favor. Prov. xiii., 15.

H—He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Matt. xi., 15.

I—I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Mark ii., 17.

J—Judge not that ye be not judged. Matt. vii., 1.

K—Keep me from presumptuous sins. Psalm xix., 13.

L—Let not thy heart be troubled. John xiv., 1.

M—Man's goings are of the Lord. Prov. xx., 24.

N—Naked, and ye clothed me. Matt. xxv., 36.

O—Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul. Mark viii., 37.

P—Pride goeth before destruction. Prov. xvi., 18.

Q—Quench not the spirit. I. Thess. v., 19.

R—Righteousness exalteth a nation. Prov. xiv., 34.

S—Sorrow is better than laughter. Eccles. vii., 3.

T—This is my beloved Son, hear ye him. Luke vii., 35.

U—Uphold me with thy free spirit. Psalm li., 12.

V—Verily, verily, I say unto you except ye be born again. John iii., 5.

W—Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Matt. xxiv., 42.

X—Except ye be born again. John iii., 3.

Y—Yea, my reins shall rejoice when thy lips speak righteous things. Prov. xxiii., 16.

Z—Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down. Luke xix., 5.

F. DRAPER.

W., Oregon.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 10 years old. I live near the Pacific Ocean. In winter, when the surf is high, I like to watch the breakers and the spray flying up in the air. In summer, when the tide is low, I like to run on the beach with my bare feet, and help dig clams and pick up stones and shells. I live four miles from school. We went to W. two winters, and went to school, but most winters we have to study at home.

LOTTIE R. EVERSON.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and stopped going to school in March. I have four brothers and no sisters. We have a small bush on our farm, and there are many flowers growing in it. It is five miles to our church, but I go almost every Sunday. We have no Sunday school in winter because it is too far to go. I can answer Bessie Nichol's riddle (May 24). Answer: A boat carrying people.

GERTRUDE G. CORBETT.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Gertrude.—Ed.]

D., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and four sisters. Five of them and myself go to school every day. We have a dog named Rover and a cat named Malta. Rover is a good sleigh dog. The boys found a little rabbit coming home from school one day. My brother Ross has a saddle pony named Maude. We had a box social in our school on the twenty-eighth of March, and made fifty-four dollars and fifty-four cents at it. With the money the teacher bought a glass library, and a lot of lovely books. We just moved into our new house this summer. My youngest sister, Gracie, is three years old, and she is an awful romp. I am studying to be a teacher.

MAGGIE COOK.

July 'Canadian Pictorial'

Truly Canadian is the July number of this progressive Canadian Monthly. The cover picture is a charming photographic study of a girl in a Western Ontario meadow, dotted with daisies. The public man featured this month is the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and a page of pictures illustrates the weird funeral customs which the Hindoos have brought from India to British Columbia. The new provinces' progress is shown in pictures of the great irrigation works and the kind of cattle Alberta produces. The Japanese Prince who is now crossing the Pacific in a British man-of-war is pictured at various places on his journey across Canada. Three pages are devoted to the Presbyterian General Assembly last month. The pick of Canadian sharpshooters are shown in a group picture taken for the 'Canadian Pictorial' just before the Bisley team sailed for England. Political friends and foes alike will be interested in the ceremony of making a Bencher of Gray's Inn of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The leading article in the woman's section is a sketch of the National Council of Women of Canada, with photographs of the Countess of Aberdeen, its founder, and Lady Edgar, its president. An anecdotal story, 'Photographing Crowned Heads,' illustrated with pictures up to the 'Pictorial's' usual high standard will be read with interest by everyone who ever handled a camera.

Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year. The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Kissing the Rod.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When our tears fell with the shower
As alone!
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put off foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Uses for Wornout Stockingc.

The busy housewife, bewildered by the extra duties of housecleaning time, is apt to make short shrift of odds and ends, particularly half-worn winter clothing, which she banishes to the ash heap or the furnace-room —and afterward regrets.

This is particularly true of stockings worn beyond the hope of mending. The most natural thing for a wife and mother to do in this day of cheap hosiery is to toss them aside and thus miss the opportunity of utilizing them later for housekeeping devices. If there is a little girl in the family who is deft with fingers and needles, she can contribute largely to the household conveniences if given a few simple directions about making use of the old stockings.

The first thing is to cut the foot off, just above the heel, or if the seam is parting above this point cut the leg off until the seam ceases to break. Then split the leg at the seam sew two legs of the same length together in the form of a bag turn them inside out, and then turn in, whip the end so there will be no raw edges, and you have the best of piano and furniture polishers.

One pair, split and folded into a neat square the size of the hand, can be quilted and bound for an iron-holder. A piece of asbestos cloth laid between the folds of the stocking will add to the value of the holder.

Three or four lisle or thin cotton legs sewed together will make the best of mirror or window polishers, because they shed no lint. Four or five pairs sewed into long strips and slipped through the mop will make scrub cloths.

Wool stockings should be cut lengthwise, rolled up and saved for polishing shoes, for which they have no equal.—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Snap-shot Contest.

Last summer's competitions having proved so popular, the publishers of the 'Canadian Pictorial' have decided to continue them. This contest will close on Aug. 1st, and the prize will be a golden sovereign—$4.86—which will be awarded for what the judges consider to be the most interesting photograph. Open to all, amateur or professional photographers. Negatives must be sharp and prints clear. They need not be mounted. All pictures submitted become the property of the publishers. Mark, 'Photo Contest,' and address, Editor, 'Canadian Pictorial,' 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Evening Games.

(Gertrude Gleason, in the 'Pilgrim.')

Guessing games are enjoyed by the older children, and several can be used in an evening. With slight preparation tests of the five senses can be made. On a table in one room have twelve familiar objects, allowing one or two minutes for observation, then ask all to retire to another room and write the names of the twelve articles without help from each other. An umbrella, flatiron, ink-well, vase, pencil, lemon, teacup, purse, book, slipper, key and scissors are suggested.

Next in very quick succession let them hear sounds made by a saw hammer, tea bell, triangle, music box or gramophone, piano or organ, door banging, tearing paper, cat mewing, sneeze and other causes, not allowing memorandum to be made till all noises are over and then limiting the time for writing.

For testing the third sense, have small packages as near one size as possible, all wrapped alike, in which there is coffee, tea, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, cheese, soap, mustard, lemon bananah, cabbage and halibut (or any smoke fish), and allow all to sniff at them for two or three minutes, and then make out their list.

In a dimly lighted room set ten or twelve bowls on a table, supply each guest with a tiny spoon and see how quick they are to discover and remember what they taste. In the bowls have diluted vinegar, coffee, cider, weak peppermint tea, maple syrup, catsup (dilute), water, beef broth or clear soup, salted water and chocolate, all of the same temperature—preferably cold.

If convenient prepare a small room for testing the sense of touch so there may be no accidents to mar the evening's pleasure. Remove all furniture except one heavy chair, and all pictures or bric-a-brac within reach of the outstretched arms. Beside the chair, have a basket and a feather duster and large tin pan in the chair. In the corner have a broom, a fishing pole and mop stick; and in another an ironing board, having an old fur cap or boa, or sponge fastened to it. A wooden chopping bowl having artificial flowers in, may be set on a very firm table if the room is large enough, and over the curtains ropes may be hung. After spending three minutes in the dark room, each one must write the name of at least ten objects touched. If such a plan is not feasible have the company blindfolded, and hand around quickly a clothes brush, shell, sponge, pencil eraser, pie pan, potato, handkerchief flower, blotter, egg-whip, paper cutter and a lump of coal the size of the potato.

Cleaning Hints.

To clean soiled white woollen articles rub them in hot flour till perfectly clean. Then shake them to remove the flour. The rubbing takes some time, but, if persevered in it really cleanses the article most thoroughly.—Exchange.'

To clean dust or grime from light clothes first brush thoroughly, then rub with cornmeal, using a piece of light cloth for the rubbing. By this simple process I have known cream and tan broadcloth coats and skirts, so much worn now, to be entirely freshened and cleaned. Grease-spots must be removed by solvents or absolvents. If the spot be fresh and the color of the fabric will not be changed by heat, the easiest method of removal is to place white blotting-paper above and under the spot, and then to stand an iron on it—not hot enough to color the paper. Another effective measure is to cover the spot with pulverized French chalk, dry, or with the same chalk or fuller's earth moistened in benzine, to remain twenty-four hours, and then be renewed if necessary, always brushing it off, however, with a soft brush, says Ella Morris Kretschmar, in the 'Woman's Home Companion.'

$10 WOMAN'S LUSTRE SUITS, $6. Wash Suits $2.50 up. Cloth Suits $6 to $16. Skirts, Waists and Silk Coats at manufacturers prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Send for free cloth samples and fashions.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Good-night.

Little boy sweetheart, with eyes that shine
Blue as the skies on a summer morn,
Lips that are wreathed in a smile divine,
Velvety cheek that is pressed to mine,
Life has seemed fairer since you were born;
Fold up your petals, my rosebud white,
Good night, my baby, good night,
Good night.

Little boy sweetheart, I love you so!
How deep that love you will never know,
Night after night, when my work is through,
Worn out and weary, I come to you,
Bend o'er your couch till upon my ear
Falls a faint music I yearn to hear,
Made by your breathing so soft and so light,
Good night, my baby, good night,
Good night.

—Denver 'News.'

SHOW THIS TO YOUR SCHOOL TEACHER.

A VALUABLE PRIZE.

Not for the first, or the best, or the biggest, but for everyone one waiting for **you.**

A HANDSOME CANADIAN FLAG—best materials—best make. **FREE** as a premium to the 'Witness' publications. A small school can easily win one. Larger flags for larger lists. **Open to everyone.**

A post card will only cost you one cent, and will bring you full particulars.

Address, Flag Dept., John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The 'Witness' Flag Offer

There is perhaps no teacher in Canada who does not feel, and feel strongly, that it ought to be possible for every school house in Canada to raise a good flag on Empire Day, Dominion Day, and at any national or local celebrations, but most teachers know full well that it is usually hard enough, in small schools at least, to secure such modern equipments as may be fairly called 'necessaries.' For luxuries no funds are forthcoming, and, unfortunately, in most cases, flags are counted among the 'luxuries.'

Knowing this to be the case, and believing that the possession and proper use of a good flag by the school would be of untold influence in cultivating a spirit of patriotism in the pupil, the publishers of the 'Witness' arranged to celebrate their Diamond Jubilee in 1905-6 by importing good Canadian ensigns and putting them within reach of every Canadian School. This was done on the basis of a premium on most liberal terms for new subscriptions to the 'Witness' publication.

There was abundant evidence that this chance was appreciated last year, as the letters received clearly show, and in the assurance that we are meeting the wishes of many teachers who could not go into the matter at that time, the offer has been re-opened, and is again made to every school in Canada.

This proposition is not a money-making one for the publishers at all. The aim is merely to meet expenses as far as possible, and to stimulate patriotism in the youth of our land. It would, of course, be impossible for us to donate these fine flags outright, to every one that asked for them, but we have made it very easy to secure them, by giving back in the form of a flag more than half of the money sent in for new subscriptions secured to any of our publications in this connection. The offer is therefore made on the following liberal terms:—

THE 'WITNESS' PUBLICATIONS.

	Year	
DAILY WITNESS	$3.00	Latest News, Market and Stock Reports Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys Page, Queries on all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper. The 'Witness' is a general favorite among leading Canadians everywhere.
WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD	$1.00	Weekly edition of above news condensed, more space given to farming and general Agricultural interests. The 'Witness' Sales and Wants columns are the "Farmers' market place."
WORLD WIDE	$1.50	A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic.
NORTHERN MESSENGER	.40	The best value of its kind in the market. An illustrated weekly. Sunday reading for the home.

THE PREMIUM FLAGS.

For $18.00 in subscriptions, at above rates, we give 4-yard Flag, retail value, $10.00 to $13.00.
" 12.00 " " " 3 " " 7.00 " 9.00.
" 9.00 " " " 2½ " " 5.00 " 5.50.
" 6.00 " " " 2 " " 3.75 " 4.50.

Special terms quoted for larger flags. All flags quoted by length, which is twice the width in each case.

WHAT THE FLAGS ARE.

These flags are of the very best materials, and are specially imported direct from the manufacturers, one of the largest flag firms in Great Britain. They are of double warp wool bunting, the jack is strongly sewn, and the Canadian Coat of Arms is sewn, not merely stamped, into the fly. All sizes are of similar make, and quality; the large flags have the corners strengthened to stand the wear and tear of wind and weather; all are canvas bound, fitted with rope and toggle all ready for hoisting. These flags are a delight and a surprise to all who see them. The wonder is that we can award them as we do. We could not, of course, except that we import direct, and do not stand to take money out of this, only to meet expenses as far as possible. All our profits, and more, we give to the schools.

HOW TO GET ONE.

Distribute through your community the sample papers, flag cards and circulars, that will be freely sent you upon application. Let the people see that while getting good value themselves for their money, they can help the school to get a good flag. Then take in the subscriptions for any or all of the 'Witness' publications—all NEW and at full annual rate—and when you have reached the amount needed for the particular size you select, the flag will be forwarded, carriage prepaid by us, to any postal address in the Dominion.

SUGGESTIONS.

If you cannot get at once as large a list as you could wish, send on what you have secured, with cash for names sent, so that we may start the papers at once, and we will hold the amount to your credit till you can complete the sum needed for your flag.

A moment's thought will make it clear why no renewals, but only genuine new subscriptions, and these only at full regular rates, can be considered in this special premium offer, as the flag more than takes the place of all reductions offered elsewhere in connection with clubs or certificates.

We allow the utmost latitude in the making up of the lists, so that where the majority in any community already take one of the 'Witness' publications, these subscribers may take one of the others, or may present gift subscriptions to friends at a distance.

N.B.—While this offer was primarily designed for schools, we throw it open on the same terms to Sunday Schools, societies, or individuals, our aim being to encourage the use of flags.

Where schools already have all the flags they need, we will gladly furnish them on the same basis, patriotic books for the school library. Correspondence invited. Kindly assist us in making this offer known.

FLAG DEPARTMENT. JOHN DOUGALL AND SON. WITNESS' BLOCK, MONTREAL.

WHEN YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR FLAG WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO HELP YOU PLAN THE PROGRAMME FOR YOUR FLAG RAISING

REMEMBER! Even if the list you can secure should amount to a dollar or so over what is needed for your flag, send it all on, for we will not only send you the largest flag possible for the money, but for any surplus there may be we will allow you a proportionate premium in patriotic books for your library.

REMEMBER ALSO! We give you the chance to profit each year by your present work for the flag; for on every list of full rate renewals received from one of our flag schools, we will allow one quarter the full value in books for their library, and will send a list of books for the schools to select from.

TELL OTHER SCHOOLS ABOUT THIS OFFER

FLAG DEPT., JOHN DOUGALL & SON, WITNESS BLOCK, MONTREAL.

WELL WORTH A TRIAL.

"WORLD WIDE."

A Weekly Reprint of Articles and Cartoons from the leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a short time, beyond all expectations—chiefly owing to the good-will of its rapidly-growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, "World Wide" reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own, "World Wide" beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. "World Wide" has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers, and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind—"World Wide" has no peer, at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

An effort is made to select the articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest—to the shifting scenes of the world's great drama, to letters and science and beautiful things.

As someone has said "'World Wide' is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat."

Regular readers of "World Wide" are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

$1.50 a year.

Post paid to any postal address the world over, for $1.50 a year.

Anyone desiring to make a little money can do well canvassing his or her locality for this comparatively new publication.

THE "WITNESS."

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly), gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock, and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments, such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness' was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. The 'Witness' has grown steadily since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have secured great improvements. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a loyal constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers a revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., approaching fifty thousand dollars a year, that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

Each issue costs about one thousand dollars and contains a thousand square inches of pictures—pictures of current events, of well-known people, of things beautiful or curious, and appealing to Canadians as the great illustrated papers of London appeal to the English people.

This popular monthly, produced at enormous cost, printed on specially prepared enamelled paper, and employing all the art of the printers and etchers of the present day, is well worth preserving as a record of the progress of this great Dominion. It contains a great volume and variety of pictures, of which some are handsome, large, full-page pictures that will be hung up on many walls.

The cheapest pictorial paper of the kind published, and by all odds the best of its class. To see it is to want it. Once try it, always buy it.

Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year.

Published by The Pictorial Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial.'

'NORTHERN MESSENGER'

No description of the 'Messenger' is necessary to its own readers, and we leave it to them to describe it to their friends. Considering the lowness of the price it offers a wonderful amount of the most interesting reading. We know of no other paper that gives so much for the money.

Tributes from Readers

From a United States Subscriber.

Springfield, Ohio,

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed money order to cover the increased postage on 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Pictorial.' I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for 30 years, and do not intend letting any new postal arrangements deprive me of the pleasure and profit of these weekly visitors. There are no papers like them.

Respectfully yours,
W. F. PARKER.

Honan, North China.

'World Wide' is a general favorite with young and old at our Mission Station, and furnishes busy workers here with the proper kind of literary fare in quantity sufficient to digest thoroughly, and be of much benefit. We all wish it an ever-growing circulation and widening area of influence.

(REV.) MURDOCH MACKENZIE.

Lindsay, Ont.,

Dear Sir,—'World Wide' is full of information and entertainment.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Leamington, Ont.

I am highly pleased with the 'Canadian Pictorial.' You are filling a long felt want. REV. J. J HAYLOCK.

St. Johns, Que.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is worthy of national patronage and encouragement.

REV. B. TUCKER, M.A., Ph.D.

North Brookfield, N.S.

'I have long been looking for a Canadian illustrated paper, and the 'Pictorial' fills the bill. Wishing it every success.'

M. A. HARLOW.

Tributes from Readers

Norwich, Ont.

'I enjoy your 'Weekly Witness' very much, and think it an excellent family paper.'

Yours sincerely,
J. E. DAVIS.

Florenceville, N.B.

Dear Sirs,—Let me express my high appreciation of your paper. I have yet to find the newspaper whose editorial sanity is of a higher grade than the 'Witness.' I always feel safe on public questions when I read the comments of the 'Witness.'

J. H. A. ANDERSON.

Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Sirs,—Received safely the Premium Bible sent me by you. I am exceedingly well pleased with it. I cannot see how you can do it to send such valuable premiums as you do. I cannot remember when the 'Weekly Witness' first came to our house, but I think my father took it thirty years ago, and it has been coming in my name this last twelve years. We look for it every Thursday, and if perchance it does not come, we miss it. Wishing long life to the 'Witness.'

Yours truly,
M. H. GUILD.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in enclosing renewal subscriptions for the "Witness" and "World Wide." I gladly join in the chorus of congratulations so worthily bestowed upon the past record and present excellence of your publications. Canada is certainly your debtor.

(REV.) S. P. ROSE, D.D.

Faison, N.C., U.S.A.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find renewal subscription to 'World Wide' and 'Weekly Witness,' both of which publications I enjoy very much.

I am, yours sincerely,
(Rev.) P. McINTYRE.

Oak Bank, Man.

From a wide choice of publications, Canadian, British, etc., "World Wide" must be singled out, as a collection of articles chosen with fine discrimination and literary taste, and dealing with the most advanced thought and effort of our time. To be a regular reader of "World Wide" means to partake of the intellectual life of the present day.

THE REV. C. E. AND MRS. DOBBS.

Montreal, Que.

I must say a word of praise for 'World Wide,' which I have read constantly from the first number issued. It is a gem in every way. Its articles are well selected, and in its get-up and size it is ideal.

W. GRIEVE NICHOL, M.D.

SEE SPECIAL YEAR-END OFFER.

Splendid Year-End Offer.

In some respects far below anything ever yet offered.

To introduce the 'Witness' series of publications into thousands of new homes through out the Dominion, we offer year-end 'remnants' at the following:—

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